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## THE LEECH-MERCHANT OF MARASH.

SOME few years ago, whilst out with a party of friends on a sporting tour through the districts which embrace the pachalics of Adana, Aleppo, and Marash, we halted at the latter city to repose awhile after our fatigues and exposure, and in so doing became the guests of the brothers Artous, who were the only Europeans there resident, and whose presence was only tolerated by the fanatical and almost exclusively Turkish population, because they held employment under the Ottoman government. They were the farmers who held the exclusive privilege of fishing for leeches throughout these districts; and from this monopoly they annually derived a considerable surplus income, despite the extravagant sum originally paid to the government, and the many small and vexatious exactions on the part of the local authorities, which they were compelled to submit to with the best grace they could command.

The elder Artous—there were three brothers in all—had discovered this field of wealth under the most singular and remarkable circumstances. Like ourselves, he, in company with some French captains, had journeyed thither, intent upon sport, and amidst their rambles had stumbled across the extensive marshes about here, which teem with snipe and water-fowl of all kinds at certain seasons of the year. The party had spread themselves along the borders, agreeing upon a certain rendezvous for their mid-day *déjeuner*, and soon after Artous waded in amongst the rushes in search of game. The sun glared fiercely down upon the unwholesome spot; and suddenly the young sportsman, unwatched by mortal eye, staggered, struck by a *coup de soleil*, and fell senseless, prostrate in the muddy water, which was fortunately very shallow thereabouts. Here, in all probability, he would have speedily succumbed, and become food for jackals, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that the place was literally alive with leeches; and scores of these hungry creatures speedily settled themselves about the bare throat and face of the sufferer. The loss of blood that ensued after a short while revived the man, and though exceedingly weakened, and a most pitiable object to behold, he managed to extricate himself from his unenviable position, and to crawl towards the appointed rendezvous, where some of the shipmasters had already arrived, who, with the assistance of burned rags, contrived to stop the hemorrhage, and carried Artous to the nearest sheik's house, where he was hospitably nursed. Had it not been for the loss of blood, he must have expired where he fell; and if

ever any remnant of him came to light, it would have possibly thrown the whole district into trouble, and affixed the stigma of a foul murder upon an innocent people. It was for Artous, however, a most happy calamity. He foresaw an inexhaustible field of riches, for he knew the value and the demand for leeches in France. He started off for Marseille at once, got his brothers to join stock with himself, went back to Constantinople, and there, with the assistance of the French ambassador, made a compact with the sultan's government, and took undisputed possession of these horribly unwholesome, and, one would have thought, useless marshes, with a proper firman in his pocket. This had occurred some years before our visit, and the lease of the monopoly had in the interval on more than one occasion expired, and been renewed; he each time having been obliged to pay a larger and larger amount for the privilege; for the local authorities had found out what a treasure-trove this infidel Frank had stumbled across, and tried all in their power to oust him from his position. But the highest sum bid always carried the day, and Artous could at any time, with so promising a speculation to back him, have raised enough on 'Change at Marseille to have bought up all Adana.

Such is a brief outline of the antecedents of our friend the leech-merchant; and now a brief sketch of his everyday-life and occupations, and of the domestic economy of his household arrangements, may not prove wholly uninteresting. The better to secure both his person and his property, he had taken up the lease of some six or eight ruinous old houses, each one of which boasted of an extensive courtyard, and which were situated in the immediate vicinity of the Serai or pacha's palace, where a considerable body-guard and the pacha's personal influence offered a safeguard to these venturesome strangers. Leveling the inner walls of separation, building up all the street-door entrances, save the one nigh to the pacha's palace, which gate he had caused to be enlarged and strengthened, Artous had constituted of these half-dozen or eight enclosures one immense and extensive compound, in which flourished a perfect grove of orange and lemon trees, and one or two stately and prolific apricots, whose shade was most acceptable and grateful during the heat of the day. There were, besides, one or two fountains in full play, and innumerable wells and reservoirs, these latter having been constructed with an eye to business. He had suffered all the houses to remain *in statu quo*, only devoting most of them to purposes very different to what they had been originally intended for. One, for instance, served as a reservoir for the peculiar

clay in which the leeches have to be packed prior to being shipped; whilst the next house was piled up to the ceilings with the empty boxes, destined to contain both clay and leeches, all of which had finely perforated bottoms, so that the surplus water, which has to be poured over these boxes from time to time during the voyage, should ooze out, and not rot the cases and destroy the leeches themselves. A third house was a huge reservoir of full-grown leeches, wriggling horribly about in everything that could serve to contain them, from an empty pickle-bottle to a large stone reservoir which had been constructed in the flooring. It was for the purpose of frequently supplying these with fresh water that so many wells and the fountains were found indispensable; for this precaution was necessary during the hottest month of the year, as much for the leeches as for the health of the human occupants, who had quite enough to contend against in local causes of pestilence, from the filthy and neglected streets, without cultivating a hot-bed of disease close by their very couches. The fourth house had been neatly fitted up as a counting-house, and was, indeed, exclusively devoted to this purpose; and here the business part of the premises may be said to have terminated.

In sudden and gratifying exchange for the clay and the leeches—and the whole of *their* portion of the yard was paved, except where orange and lemon trees sprouted—we came upon a fine soil, with gravel-walks, interspersed with pleasant little arbours here and there, the whole being neatly laid out with roses and jessamine, and other sweet-scented flowers. One uncouth individual of our party suggested that a few onions and radishes would be far more useful and economic; but this Goth was obliged to hide his diminished head when he was told that a horse-load of the delicacies he envied could be purchased for about a halfpenny sterling.

Our friend the leech-merchant, being innately a cosmopolite, had very wisely determined, during his voluntary exile amongst the barbarians that surrounded him, to provide himself with every necessary and luxury, European and Oriental, that his purse could command. His store-rooms were a perfect sight, and one certainly that no one could dream to meet with in the very heart of a fanatical Turkish town. Wines, beer, spirits, liqueurs, champagne, sardines, hams—hear it, O gray-bearded mufti!—cheeses, sausages, pickles; in fact, everything that oilman's, brewer's, and wine-merchant's stores combined could produce. Then his kitchen had been constructed upon a European model; and until a bad fever had cruelly deprived him of his aid, Artous used to rejoice in the skill of an *artiste*—a veritable French cook—whose fame had attracted captains and foreigners of all descriptions from every seaport within a score or so of miles. But he, alas! was gone the way of all flesh, and an Armenian from Aleppo had stepped into his shoes; a very sorry substitute indeed, we were told.

The leech-merchant's house itself was a strange mixture of European and oriental taste—one, however, not ill adapted to the climate. He had French-polished bedsteads side by side with Turkish divans; chairs were confined to the dining-room; walnut-wood wash-hand stands, with oriental ewers and basins in the bedroom; some floors covered with Egyptian mats, some with Turkoman carpets, some with French manufactured oil-cloth. What was an extraordinary treat for us, he had positively chests of capital tea; and as there was very excellent milk procurable in the town, we enjoyed this beverage in spite of the mufti and the ulemas, and all the other fanatics of the town. In another room in the house there was plenty of food for the mind—books and pamphlets, files of newspapers and a microscope;

and, dreadful innovation! even a photographic machine, with which Artous amused himself during many a dull hour, taking likenesses of his unconscious workmen in the yard, who were all bigoted Turks, and who would have left him, to a man, could they have dreamed that their physiognomies were being transferred by the aid of the sun for a lot of Franks some day or other to be laughing at their beards; and to do them justice, they were the ugliest set of ruffians one could easily clap eyes upon. Their poverty and not their will consented to labour for a dog of a Christian, and eat his salt.

An irruption of travellers had always been a godsend to the hospitable little leech-merchant, but of late years such events had become very rare indeed, and his had been a sad dull life of monotony, though his business gave him full occupation during the day. It seldom happened that either of his brothers could remain with him for a longer space than a week or so at intervals of months, so that he was completely isolated from all society save such as he could derive from conversing with the Italian doctor of the troops, who was a clever man, but a renegade and a misanthrope to boot; so Artous was entirely dependent upon his own resources. It was necessary that one brother should be travelling to and fro through the district to visit the various agents, and to keep an eye upon petty doctors and other poachers, who, whenever an opportunity offered, infringed upon the fishing monopoly, and embarked upon small private speculations greatly to his detriment. The other brother passed his life in perpetually voyaging to and fro between Marseille and Mersina (the sea-port town of Tarsus), convoying batches of leeches to the French markets, superintending their care during the voyage, and thence returning only for a fresh supply. Hence it arose that the elder Artous was almost always alone; and the following was, as he told us, and as we witnessed, the everyday routine of his life through a series of long years.

He had upwards of two hundred and fifty men, women, and children in his employment, whom he paid at the rate of so much per dozen for leeches, the price varying according to the size and quality. Although these poor wretches—and a more deplorable sickly-looking set it is hard to conceive—had nothing to rely upon for their daily food, coarse and scant as that was, except their occupation of leech-fishing, they were innately so indolent, that Artous himself was obliged to rouse them up at daybreak, and drive them before him into the marshes; the fishery is always bad after the heat of the day sets in, as the leeches are apt to die by hundreds on being transported from the marshes to the store-rooms, so that it is necessary they should be in the water betimes; there with naked legs, which very soon streamed with what poor blood their veins contained, they would dabble about for a couple of hours or so, sprinkling salt upon every fresh batch that had affixed themselves, so as to detach them, and inserting them into deep narrow earthen bowls, half filled with muddy water. During this interval, our host, who possessed a capital stud and plenty of good dogs, amused himself by coursing and shooting in the vicinity, always, however, accompanied by a couple of body-servants, in case of any accident. Game he always bagged in abundance; and amongst other things to be met with at his house was a tame young bear, which he had picked up during one of his rambles; a flamingo that had been winged, but was recovering; a pelican that catered for himself every day in the lakes nigh at hand, and regularly came back home by sunset; and innumerable other small fry in the shape of birds and beasts of all descriptions.

About ten o'clock, the leech-merchant and his grotesque-looking crew would hurry home through

the shadiest streets; and refreshing the leeches by a fresh supply of water, he would leave his overseers to count and pay for them, and then see them properly disposed of before the people were dismissed for the day. Seldom, very seldom did he employ them during the evening, but then, of course, it was at their own option to remain out all day if they chose; for as many live leeches as they brought in they would be sure to get paid for.

After *déjeuner*, which was usually partaken of *al fresco* under an apricot—where often in the season luscious ripe fruit plumped into your plate invitingly—one or two old Turkish officers, with slippers down at heel and pipe in hand, would stroll in to have a chat with the ‘Salukjee Bashî’ (lit., the head of the leeches), and may be play a few games of draughts or dominoes with him, with an ultimate eye to a large tumbler of French wine. Then from mid-day, when Turkish guests retire for prayers and dinner, and the after-dinner siesta, the solitary leech-merchant finds solace for a while amongst his books or papers, or under the influence of Latakia tobacco, speculates upon the probable results of the living stock on hand; else he betakes himself to his counting-house, and plunges fathoms-deep into accounts or speculations, or sets to with a hearty good-will to rattle off a long business and private correspondence which can be closed at any future date, as opportunity presents itself for forwarding a mail. Then, again, at intervals of every seven days, a hot and tired government Tatar would rap furiously at the outer door, and pleasantly interrupt the monotony of everyday-life at Marash by handing in packets of letters and bundles of newspapers, which are a very god-send to the leech-merchant in this solitude, and afford his mind pleasant recreation during those dull and dark hours intervening between his six o'clock dinner and bed-time; an interval when the whole city is hushed to rest—the people having retired to rest with the cocks and hens—when even his very servants are drowsy over their evening pipes, and the solitude and desolation would prove insufferable but for the absorbing interest contained in the file of French papers; or when these are wanting, even the meagre Constantinople one, with its gratifying intelligence about the sultan attending mosque regularly, serves to pass off a dull hour or so; and what with chibouques and something hot before turning in, the time drags on some way or another, and it is a consoling thought to the exiled leech-merchant to know that every succeeding week is adding to the bulk of his banker's account, and shortening the distance between his present life and that which he has in perspective, should his days be prolonged.

Once a year, as the proper season approaches, and the arrival of the Marseille brother announces the fact, a perfect revolution seizes upon the leech-merchant's everyday-life, and from early dawn until close upon midnight all is bustle and hurry within doors. Then are all the meagre leech-fishers hard at it filling the empty cases, now with a layer of soft clay, then with a thick layer of writhing leeches, then another layer of clay, then more leeches, and so on alternately, taking care to moisten the clay well as they go along from a pitcher close at hand. Carpenters there are, too, nailing up the boxes as soon as they are packed, or constructing fresh ones against any urgent demand. Other labourers are piling them up in convenient sizes and weights, so as to form loads for camels or mules, and corduring them together strongly. Camel-drivers and muleteers add to the turmoil, squabbling amongst themselves about respective weights and loads. Custom-house officers are here too noisy for *bucshish* over and above the duty levied; and a military-looking Turk, in one slipper and one boot, who

is the pacha's private secretary, whispers significantly to Artous that the season has been a profitable one, ‘*Il Hamdil Allah!*’ (God be praised), and that the pacha would like to drink prosperity to the said merchant and his friends in a dozen or so of real French cognac.

Finally, everything is ready against a start; the young bear, and the pelican, and the wounded flamingo, are commended to the custody of the Armenian cook; and Artous and his friends vaulting into their saddles, take the lead of a caravan carrying some millions of leeches, which, in the course of a fortnight or so, will be far away at sea, freight paid, and cargo insured; and in a month or six weeks hence, our friend the leech-merchant has converted the disgusting but useful article he traffics in into solid and equally useful gold coins.

#### DEATH IN THE INKPOT.

It is certain that the Millennium of the Periodical Writer is at last arrived. With a new weekly journal starting every month or so, and a new magazine or two with every quarter, it cannot be but that the dawning Poet, the beardless Philosopher, the sucking Divine, and even the Conundrum-maker of tenderest years, must find acceptance and expression somewhere. A score of new-built Temples of Fame open their double doors and columns to the young aspirant whithersoever he looks, and upon the steps thereof stand beckoning Editors, who seem to say: ‘Walk up, ye young contributors—walk up, and give us “copy,” lest we perish before our time.’ Some very young contributors indeed appear now and then to avail themselves of this invitation; and we anticipate the same difficulty in the future education of the middle classes which is now found to exist so generally in the lower—fathers will be refusing to send their offspring to school upon the ground of the loss of their literary labour as writers for the periodical press.

Never was so convincing an instance of demand creating supply; and our not unnatural apprehension is, that the Public—the Readers—will presently disappear altogether, and nothing be left but a world of Editors and Contributors. It is with the hope of delaying this unsatisfactory conclusion that we venture to call the attention of the great army of Periodical Writers—and especially of its young recruits—to the last quarterly *Journal of the Statistical Society*, wherein occurs a paper upon the Duration of Life as affected by the Pursuits of Literature, Science, and Art, by William A. Guy, M.B., which concerns them very seriously.

Hesitate, O young Romancist, with thy tender brain—scarce recovered from the shock of the joining of thine infant skull—set seething with the wrongs of thy fictitious Angelina, or the sanguinary deeds in which thou art preparing to plunge thy treacherous Rudolph. Suspend, rash youth, thy suicidal hand, as it hovers over the inkpot, for Mr Guy says there is Death in it, or at least a want of Duration of Life!

Youthful Joker, who, with splitting head and soda-water, art elaborating daily *facétie* for splitting sides, let the world wag as it will without thy tickling. For every pun of thine, it is probable that a week of thine existence is forfeited; and thine every *double-entendre* has a third meaning which has very little fun in it indeed, we do assure thee. After each laborious sharpening at thy mental whetstone, grim Time takes a fatal sweep with his scythe, every self-satisfied smile of thine produces its wrinkle, and thy lightest and least appreciated *jeu d'esprit* its gray hair!

Above all, dawning Poet, be in no haste to convince thyself that thou art inspired. If thou canst

not write verses without Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary*, it will be worse than waste for thee to invest thy capital in such a purchase. The making of rhymes is a slow poison, to thyself, a certain destruction, and—if thou wouldest but believe it—by no means so great an advantage to others as to be compensatory. A sonnet is a limb of time lopped off from the trunk of thine existence; an ode eats into its very vitals, and saps its strength; and an epic is even as an axe laid to the root of thy tree. The writing of blank verse is about as permissible as the taking of opium; it is soothing indeed (and so far grateful both to reader and writer), but it is but the one-horse hearse, which, more slowly, but not less certainly than the Couplet conveyance, must carry the poet to the tomb!

"In treating," says Mr Guy, "of the duration of life of literary men, I must be understood to be speaking of a mixed class, consisting, on the one hand, of those who have no one distinct and defined professional calling, but who make literature one of their pursuits, and the duration of whose life is consequently affected by the habits of composition in very various degrees; and, on the other hand, of those with whom literature is a distinct profession. I have been able to collect from Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, with a supplement of facts from the *Annual Register* from 1815 to 1852, 942 ages at death of men more or less devoted to literary pursuits, and of more or less celebrity in different walks of literature. Some of the deceased persons were described as antiquaries, others as historians, others as poets, others as miscellaneous writers, and a small body of authors as schoolmasters. These distinctions I have thought it worth while to retain in the following tables, giving at the same time, in a supplemental column, a general total for literature as the one pursuit to which all were more or less earnestly and constantly devoted."

Whatever unpleasant conclusion is here arrived at, therefore, to the prejudice of semi-literary men, it suggests something far less satisfactory to those who make literature their exclusive profession.

The two sections of the literary class headed "poets" and "schoolmasters" are found to occupy a low place in the scale of longevity. Whether we commence the register of deaths at 21, at 26, at 31, at 41, or at 51, their average age at death is uniformly below the average for miscellaneous writers and for antiquaries and historians. It may be allowable to inquire whether there is anything in the calling of the poet to account for the comparatively short duration of his life. The first consideration that offers itself in possible explanation of the short duration of the poet's life is, that poets enter the class to which they belong at a comparatively early age, while other literary men, and especially antiquaries and historians, enter their respective classes, and commence their characteristic pursuits, at a more advanced period of life. If, as seems highly probable, the class of living poets is always a young class, compared with other literary men, the average age at death will be below par. But it is quite possible that the poetical temperament, as it is commonly called, may be a phase of constitutional weakness (Heavens!), and a cause of early death. That poets, as a class, are short lived, is rendered probable by the low recorded ages at death of the Roman poets: thus, Tibullus died at 24; Persius, at 28; Lucilius and Catullus, at 46; Virgil, at 52; Horace, at 57; Ovid, at 59; Martial, at 75; and Terence, at 88. The average for these nine names of Roman poets, may be placed, as having been short lived, the English poets, Kirke White, who died at 21 years of age; Collins, at 36; Parnell and Robert Burns, at 37; Goldsmith, at 46; Thomson, at 48; Cowley, at 49; Shakspeare, at 52;

and Pope at 56. These nine English poets, selected as having been short lived, attained an average age of about 42 years, or more than ten years less than the nine unselected Roman poets."

Oh, Universal Rhymster, take this to thy harmonious heart, and if thou wouldest live long in the land, send us less of thine innumerable verse! Schoolmasters, exposed to the serious drawback of confinement with their pupils during many hours of the day, in an atmosphere rarely of the purest, it is true, are found to have even a less average of life than Bards; but that is a circumstance with which we ourselves (who have been to many unprofitable schools, who have travelled, scholastically, in our time, from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren) do not affect to sympathise with. One poet, indeed, managed to live on to his one hundred and fifteenth year, and thereby keeps up the average of the life of his class amazingly, but there may have been extenuating circumstances in the case; he was an Irishman—one Mr T. O'Sullivan—and perhaps had some Irish method of composition which preserved him from the fate of his brethren; and, besides, there is no knowing how long he might have lived, if he could only have kept himself from this baneful practice of poetical composition.

It is of importance to mention that the conjugal state is found to prolong the scanty span allotted to the literary existence—to lessen the deadly effects of the Inkpot very considerably. The Married are calculated to have a vitality of five years beyond that enjoyed—no, not enjoyed, endured—by the Unmarried.

Men of Science have a longer tether of existence than the Professors of the Fine Arts, and these, again, more rope than the unhappy devotees of Literature. Many of the last live to be old enough, it is true, when they are once over certain dangerous epochs, but the majority (look to it, O young contributors!) die early! The table, taken as a whole, seems to prove that the pursuits of literature are not unfavourable to longevity, indeed, but very destructive to life at the earlier periods.

Of the three learned professions, the Clergy—including the proverbially obstinate Fellows of Colleges whose vacancies are being waited for, and the 'warming pans' who have been chosen to occupy livings until the young proprietors are of age—is found to be the longest lived; then the Lawyers; and the Doctors the shortest, which does not look well for the class whose mission it is to keep other people from dying.

Finally, the following figures represent the average age at death of the members of seven classes, who have passed their thirtieth year, leaving kings and members of the royal family (who would otherwise be fifth in the list) out of the question:

English aristocracy, 67·31; English gentry, 70·22; learned professions, 68·86; trade and commerce, 68·74; officers of the army and navy, 67·59; English literature and science, 67·55; the fine arts, 65·96. The mixed class of the English gentry, occupying as they do an intermediate position between the aristocracy and the professions, largely devoted to healthy rural pursuits and many English sports, recruited from the most energetic and successful of the professional and industrial classes, more occupied than the aristocracy, less anxious than the professions, less ambitious than the votaries of literature, science, and art, is distinguished from the classes above and below it by a favourable duration of life. The aristocracy, more luxurious, and less generally occupied, pays for its perilous advantages of social position with some few years of life, occupying an intermediate place between the mixed cultivators of literature and science and the short-lived devotees of art. This unfavourable position of the aristocracy would seem to be dependent not on any inherent weakness of constitution, for statesmen, who are for the most part members of that

class, attain to a very favourable duration of life, but to that cause which Celsus, nearly 2000 years ago, pointed out as the parent of a large family of diseases unknown to less artificial modes of existence—luxury.'

Thus the Professors of Literature are the shortest lived of any class save one, and the shortest lived of any, if those members of it who die before they complete their thirtieth year had been included in the calculation. If Man is but a Flower, what, then, is a Literary Man? In the well-known words of one of the poets of the Nursery (who himself perhaps died early, and before his powers were matured), he is more like that Butterfy, born, indeed, in a Bower, but who died, in spite of the invigorating effects of being christened in a Tea-pot, within an Hour. Pause, then, dawning Poets, beardless Philosophers, sucking Divines, Conundrum-makers of tender years, and young' Miscellaneous Contributors of all descriptions, and consider whether it is not better to have ten more years in the flesh than to enjoy immortality in the columns of even an illustrated periodical! The average of the British statesman's existence is 77·71!! Embrace that profession, therefore, O young Contributor, and long life to you. If you be a Lord, the path is open to you already; and if you be not a Lord—with your talents and personal attractions, it will be surely easy enough for you to marry a Lord's daughter!

### TROUBLES AT SANDSTONE. IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER VII.—ANNIVERSARY-NIGHT.

THERE is a full attendance to-night at the little chapel on the cliffs. Despite the darkness and the rain, few members of the community are absent. The anniversary of the foundation of their chapel is duly celebrated every year by the fishermen of Sandstone, and there is scarcely a household in the hamlet that has not contributed its quota to the congregation this evening. Even Widow Watson—though her daughter is forbidden these precincts, and at this very moment, indeed, is toiling home in the darkness with fresh work from the shop-shop at Lynmouth—even she has ventured within the chapel walls to-night, and, fortified by the presence of Jim Bowes, who winks encouragement at her, as she enters, takes heart of grace and a corner seat amongst her fellow-sinners.

When the discourse from the Lynmouth minister was ended, the business report for the year was read; then came the collection, and a metallic rain seemed to fall around, as the coin—chiefly in coppers—descended on the plates. A hymn succeeded, and when that was done, Michael Hawser, rising from his seat, said: 'Before we part to-night, I've a word to address to this congregation. Friends, will you keep your seats.' With knitted brows and a stern face, the deacon strode to the little platform in front of the pulpit. One could have heard a pin fall, in the silence that followed this announcement. 'I've been a member o' this chapel,' began Michael Hawser, in a slow, distinct voice, and with all eyes turned on him, 'more than thirty years, and I've been a deacon nigh on twenty. I started the Sunday-school and the Bible-class—both on 'em—amongst us. What I could do i' the Lord's service, I've done right willingly, nor spared time nor money, as you all know. I think, then, I needn't ask anybody here whether I've earned the right to be heard i' this place or not. I think the life I've led, and taught my children to lead, has given me that right. What I've now got to say is, that as I've gone on up to this hour, so, wi' God's help, will I go on to the last day o' my life. I'll never leave undone what my duty here bids me do, no matter what friends and neighbours think or say.'

My duty to-night is this—to put a sinner to shame, and end a course of sin and deceit. I've found out—no matter when, no matter how—that one of the scholars in my class—here he turned and looked at the young women sitting on the front bench—is engaged in courses as will lead her to shame and ruin. I've found out that she, coming here week by week to hear the Word read and preached, has so far gone astray, that she is about to leave her home and kindred at the bidding of a stranger. I've found out that he who counsels her to this is one as we've all trusted and believed in. So I now bid her who hears these words, and knows 'em to be true, to go forth from among us, and never shew herself here again. I bid her companions shun her, as they fear the leprosy o' sin. Let them hold no intercourse wi' her; but let her go her way, and learn—as she soon will—how the Lord deals wi' them who set their faces to do evil, and whose ways are the ways of transgression.' He stopped, and the ticking of the clock over the roof grew audible in the silence. O Michael Hawser, thou art drawing down on thyself judgments heavier than any thou threatenest!

'If my words don't move her,' he continued, singling out with his gaze one of the young women before him, and speaking in a still sterner voice—'if my words fail to move her, I hold in my hand what will put her boldness to shame. Last night, I found this knife in the chapel-yard; it was dropped by the man who wrote the letter counselling flight. That man was Mr Lennox! Yes, the stranger whose life we saved, repays us i' this way! And now, Miriam Clarke, if your heart ain't harder than the nether millstone—'

Had the lights in the iron hoop suspended over Michael's head grown dim in a moment, or did a wind sweep in and bow them suddenly?

'Stay, father—stay!' The words were uttered in a low but distinct tone from the further end of the chapel. Every heart turned chill at the sound. There, in the entrance, with the doors flung open, stood a pale, dishevelled figure, with eyes like living coals, and the rain streaming from her hair. At the sight of that terrible apparition, Michael Hawser's upraised hand, in which gleamed the sparkling knife, fell to his side.

'Father!' cried the figure, 'come home, come home, and God ha' mercy on us!' Martha held up a letter, and looked at her father with a stricken face. 'Martha, Martha!' gasped Michael. 'You come to tell me'— His lips worked fast, but no sound escaped them. Had his dead wife risen from her grave in the yard outside, and stood there before him, Michael Hawser's face could not have worn a more livid, ghastly hue. Every one sat paralysed, and gazed at his neighbour in fear.

'Father, I came to warn you, but I come too late. God's judgment is on our house. Come home, come home!' Martha spoke in the same voice, and stood there with the same stricken face. But her father heard no more. The light had suddenly gone out from his eyes; he turned ashy gray, his jaw fell, and ere his daughter could reach his side, Michael Hawser dropped down on the floor, as though a bolt from Heaven had struck him.

The clouds hang low to-night out on the bleak cliffs that lie around Sandstone. Susan Watson, returning home from Lynmouth, draws close her threadbare shawl—a poor protection against such a rain as this—and plods on wearily but bravely through the darkness. And the darkness to-night is of a kind to try one's courage: it is a dense, impenetrable darkness, that shuts out earth and sky, and hangs around you like something that could be touched or drawn aside. One needs to know the road

well to-night, or a few false steps, and you may topple headlong from these heights into the sea that roars below.

Once, Susan finds herself in danger of being ridden down by a horseman, whose approach she has not heard on the soft grass. The late traveller reins up his steed, mutters an angry exclamation against the darkness, and asks, in a muffled voice, in what direction the Sandstone gravel-pits lie. As he bids her good-night, and rides on again, Susan wonders who he may be who rides thus late along these heights, and on such a night. The gravel-pits, too! Who can have business there at this hour? Susan fancies she has heard the traveller's voice before, and goes on her way, perplexed and pondering.

Susan Watson is a brave lass, and the dark night has few terrors for her; but she had not proceeded another mile, when there came a sound to her ears that turned her blood cold with fear. It was a long, loud cry that woke the sea-birds in their rocky nests, and sent them whirring round her in the dark. It was the wildest, most despairing sound Susan had ever heard. It died away, and left the night silent as before, save that there now seemed terror in its darkness and silence. Susan set off running, with a beating heart, nor stayed her steps till the lights in the cottage windows at Sandstone were in sight.

What was there amiss in the village to-night that there were so many people abroad so late? Why did the folks stand gathered about their doorways, talking so earnestly to one another? Alas! Susan learned soon enough what had happened. Her mother stood waiting for her on the threshold, and bidding her come in, she pointed to the figure sitting by the hearth. It was Jim Bowes, crying like a child.

'O Sue, here's a peck o' troubles!' cried Mrs. Watson, wiping her eyes. I can hardly tell ye what's happened, 'deed I can't. Look at Jim; he's been like that ever sin.'

When Susan heard of Ellen Hawser's flight, she turned very pale, and a keen pang shot through her heart. Was another to suffer what she had done? She went to her chamber, but not to sleep. The news she had heard filled her with grief and fear—fear which was strangely associated in her mind with the wild cry she had heard out on the cliffs that night. Falling asleep towards morning, she dreamed she heard that cry again, and she started up in bed, cold and trembling, as it rang through her dream.

It was daybreak. Susan rose and dressed herself in haste. She would go and satisfy the terrible doubts that had possessed her all night. She lighted a fire, prepared her mother's breakfast, and issued quietly from the cottage.

It was a bright morning after the rain. The wind blew freshly up the street, and the March sun, just rising, shone on the house-tops and the distant cliffs with cold, bright rays. Susan turned into the narrow lane that led upwards to the downs, and downwards—by a flight of long stone steps—to the shore. No one was abroad—no one, that is, save two fishermen coming up from the beach, bearing something on their shoulders.

Was it the grave faces of the men, who walked with their eyes cast down, or the strange appearance of the burden they carried, that caused Susan to stop suddenly?

The foremost of the two men, on seeing Susan, lifted up his hand solemnly, and let it fall again by his side. That mute gesture was enough. Susan steadied herself against the wall near, for a sudden dizziness had seized her.

The fishermen drew nearer, silent and slow-footed as before. When a few paces from Susan, they stopped and laid down their burden on the ground; one of

them, stooping down, drew aside the sail-cloth they had flung over it.

Merciful God! there, with the early sunshine playing on his face, and the morning wind stirring his long hair, lay Mr Lennox wan and dead.

The men spoke not a word; they took up their burden again, and went on their way in silence. Susan stood, with her face buried in her hands, like one who struggles to awake from some terrible dream.

It was his death-cry, then, she had heard last night; he was the doomed horseman who had passed her on the cliffs. He had asked her the way to the gravel-pits. Was that the place where they were to have met? Yes, and perhaps even now Ellen still waited for him there! As the thought crossed Susan's mind, a sudden hope rose before her.

The gravel-pits lay behind Sandstone, some three miles inland, at a point where the downs swept southwards, into a quiet, secluded valley. Susan knew the spot well; she had often played there as a child.

Ere the blue smoke, curling upwards in the morning air, shewed that the little hamlet had awaked once more to its daily cares and toils, Susan Watson was hastening across the downs. As she trod the still heights where not a sound save the tinkling of the sheep-bells could be heard, Susan prayed, with trembling lips, that she might yet be able to save and reclaim her she sought.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE ENDING OF THE TROUBLES.

It was night, and Jim Bowes sat by Widow Watson's hearth, gazing sadly at the fire; from time to time, the old man heaved a sigh, but he never changed his posture nor raised his head.

'What can have got our Sue, Jim? I'm gettin' sore uneasy 'bout her. It's nigh seven o'clock, and she's been gone ever sin' daybreak, none knows where nor why.'

'Don't fret, mother,' said Jim, gruffly; 'she'll be home soon.'

But another hour passed away, and Susan returned not. Jim Bowes began to look rather uneasy. 'Spose I take a turn on the Lynmouth road. She may have had orders to go up there, and been kep'-past time.'

The old sailor rose from his seat, and took up his sou'wester. He was just about to lift the latch and issue out, when there came a low tap at the door. He opened it, and, behold, there stood Susan at the threshold! She held up her finger, to warn Jim to keep silence, and beckoned him out.

'Jim,' said Susan, laying her hand on his arm, and speaking in a low voice, as they stood there together under the stars, 'she's here. Call mother away from the house, while we go in to my chamber. She can't bear the sight o' any one yet.'

Jim returned to the house, and did as Susan had bidden him. Ere long, Susan summoned them in again.

'Thank God, I've lived to see this hour!' she exclaimed, as her mother and the old sailor gazed at her with troubled faces. 'Thank God, I, of all women, found and saved her! Mother, this is as it should be.' The girl spoke with an intensity that shewed how deep and real was the feeling she gave utterance to.

'How did ye know which way she'd gone, Susan?' asked Jim Bowes.

Susan sat in silence for a minute, and then began: 'I'll tell ye, Jim; and in a few words she told them of the wild cry she had heard, of the strange fears it had given rise to, and the terrible confirmation of these fears the morning had brought with it.'

'When I bethought myself of Ellen, and how she was perhaps waiting yonder at the gravel-pits for him whom she'd never see more, I set off, praying

God I might be in time to save her. When I got to the quarries, it nearly broke my heart to see her sitting there on a great stone, wi' her head buried in her hands. I found her in a damp hollow, where the rain had been falling all night long, wan as a ghost, and wi' great black rings round her eyes. She fled away when she saw me, but I followed after her across the downs, and cried out to her to turn back, for the love of God. It must ha' been nigh on noon ere I came up wi' her at last. She had sunk down by the stone-wall of a sheepfold, worn out and spent. "Susan," she said, "let me die! Oh, you've been cruel to follow me thus!" and she lay for some minutes like one dead. Then suddenly she rose, and tried to go on again; but I put my arms about her, and held her back wi' force, praying her to hear me the while.

"I couldn't tell you how she begged me to let her go; I couldn't tell you how heart-broken were her words and looks. We sat there wi' the sun shining above us, and the sheep feeding quietly near, and never two sadder hearts under heaven. But my words had power in 'em—God knows I could speak from bitter experience!—and at last she listened to me. It took a weary time to get her to consent to come back wi' me, but she did so after a while; only she prayed that I'd wait till night had come down, and nobody was about. And so we sat and waited in the hollows, where none could see us; and she lay wi' her head on my shoulder, and I wrapped my shawl about her, for the sun didn't seem to warm her, and she was deathly cold. And as the sun went down—I thought I'd never seen it travel so slow—we drew nearer the village; and at last, when it was quite dark, we crept up to the door unnoticed and unseen. She's sleeping now, poor soul, and to see her worn face, one would say she'll never wake again. Knowing what she has yet to learn, I could a'most wish that it might be death that seems so like it." Susan ceased, and they all sat in silence for a minute. "O mother!" broke out the girl again, clasping her hands together, and speaking in a voice full of emotion, "she's so young, and so broken down already! It may be my sins and example that have produced such fruits in others. O Lord, grant that this may not be laid to my charge!" and Susan, whose heart had been long surcharged, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Tut, tut," said Jim Bowes in a husky voice; "don't ye talk so. If ever anybody returned good for evil, it's you, Sue. Thou hast paid back Michael Hawser for all he's done and said against thee, in a way as the Master he serves 'ull find no fault wi'. It's a brave revenge thou'st earned this day, my lass!"

Seven times has the sun risen and set over the earth, and since that fatal night when judgment fell upon him, Michael Hawser has been seen by no eye in Sandstone. From the closed doors and darkened windows of his house, you might tell that some great sorrow brooded there; but only they who know the man who sits within those walls can measure the woe and misery that are hidden under his roof. The tides swell and fall, the great sea flushes or grows gray, but there is neither night nor day for him who sits there gazing at the dead ashes on his hearth-stone. No neighbour lifts the latch to offer aid or sympathy; they well know that both the one and the other would be rejected. Michael has ever stood aloof and alone amongst them; he must even do so now.

It is now the seventh night that he has sat there, companionless in his sorrow. Martha lies in the chamber above, sick unto death. Weary and heart-broken, her life flickers towards its close. No one approaches her but their old servant, for Michael's

doors are closed against all comers. Jim Bowes even has been denied admittance, and for three nights the old sailor has turned sorrowfully away from the house.

But to-night he is determined to gain an entrance; he brings with him a scrap of paper containing a few tear-blotted lines that he trusts will melt the father's heart. He stands in the little kitchen while Kezia carries the letter to her master, and waits her return with a keen anxiety. The old servant shakes her head sorrowfully as she reappears. "Maister says he's got no answer to give. O dear, O dear! It 'ud break your heart to see him, Mr. Bowes. He sits yonder i' the parlour, growin' grayer and older every hour. He's got the Bible by his side, but not for good or comfort. He took it down that night, soon as he got in, and tore her name out o' the page where all his children's names are entered, and there it lies by his side still."

"And Martha?" asked Bowes in a low voice. "She lies quiet on her bed all day, and never murmurs. Hark, that's her knock!"

There was a sound of some one feebly rapping on the floor overhead with a stick. Kezia hastened away, and returned in another minute to say that Martha wished to see Jim, if he would step upstairs. The old sailor took off his hat, and quietly followed his conductress.

"He refuses then, Jim?—he refuses to see her?" exclaimed the sick girl, as the old man approached her bed. "I know it by the tone of his voice. My hearing is getting keen—very keen."

Jim gazed in wonder at the pale face and the big, lustrous eyes of the speaker. There was a beauty in Martha's countenance he had never seen there before, but it was of a kind that awed him.

"Yes, Martha, I thought he would ha' yielded, but he ain't. Michael Hawser is a hard-hearted man, though I say it."

"Jim, the Lord knows his own time! When He sees fit, the rock will be smitten, and the waters flow. I shall live to see that hour, Jim, short as my life will be."

"Thou thinkest, then, Martha, he'll give in?" inquired the old sailor sadly.

"I know it, Jim. Ere I go, I shall see them stand by my bedside. Tell her that I say it, and my words are true! Tell her, that without this I couldn't lie here calmly as now I lie, waiting for the end!"

And it came to pass as Martha said. The barriers within which that proud heart had intrenched itself were suddenly borne down. Sitting by his hearth next night, Michael Hawser was summoned to his daughter's chamber.

"Father!" cried the girl, raising herself from her pillow, and looking at him with a gaze that pierced him—"father! I've sent for her to my bedside. I must see you brought together ere I die. Hush! I hear them on the way."

She held up her finger, and listened. But the voice of the rising tide was the only sound Michael heard.

There was a pause, during which Martha's lips moved as in prayer, and then there came the noise of footsteps outside the house.

The door opened, and three figures stood on the threshold; the next moment, the sisters were locked in each other's arms. Michael gazed at his children with a wintry face.

"Martha, tell him to speak to me—to look at me!" moaned the weeping figure by the bedside.

But Michael neither stirred nor spoke. Jim Bowes's lips quivered as he looked at him.

"Michael!" he whispered, in a low tone, "Michael! ye hear her? Speak, then, speak!"

Not a muscle stirred in that gray, furrowed face.

"Father! has the Lord borne wi' us all these years,

and cannot we bear wi' one another's infirmities! For the love of Him you serve, speak a kind word to her!'

But Michael still stood there, silent and stony-eyed as before. In the pause that followed Martha's words, the swell of the rising tide was audible; that, and the ticking of Jim Bowes's big watch, were the only sounds.

Then there rose a clear and solemn voice through the silence of that chamber, '*With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged!*'

The words came from the bed; there sat Martha with a face beaming with supernatural lustre.

A tremor passed over Michael's frame at that sound; a long, low sigh escaped his lips. He stood as before, but muttering to himself in a blank, dreamy way: 'Sixty years—sixty years! A blind leader of the blind! a sinner guiding sinners!'

Standing thus, like one awakening from a trance, a light touch was laid upon his coat, and Ellen fell sobbing at his feet.

'Not there!' he cried, with a guilty start—'not there, my child!'

He raised her in his arms, the clouds breaking from his face, and Ellen wept upon his bosom.

'Father!' cried that solemn voice once more, 'look! there stands Susan Watson. 'Twas she who saved and brought her back to us. Turn round, and clasp her hand in yours, ere I die!'

Michael Hawser held out his hand, and said in a low voice: 'Susan, I ask thy pardon for the wrongs I've done thee. Thou art a better Christian than I.'

'God bless thee for them words, Michael!' exclaimed Jim Bowes solemnly.

And the last sight that Martha's dying eyes beheld, was her father sinking on his knees by her bedside, and crying humbly: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

#### COMMERCIAL ENVELOPES.

The subject of commercial envelopes, by which term we mean anything in which the objects of commerce and the products of industry are packed for the customer, is one of vast comprehensiveness. We do not pretend to deal with it in its amplitude, but shall confine our remarks to some branches of it which are more or less familiar to most of us in our own dwellings, or in the shops we frequent. The perfection to which these gratuitous additions to a bargain have arrived in our day is perhaps not a thing to congratulate ourselves upon, but there are some things worth noticing connected with it, and we may spend a few minutes not unprofitably in cursorily glancing them over.

Passing along one of the manufacturing outskirts or by-ways of Manchester, of Bristol, or of White-chapel, you are suddenly startled by a splitting, crashing sound of disastrous portent, as though Milo were rending the oak whose rebound should grip him fast, at your very elbow. Enter the open door of that tumble-down shed whence the dire note proceeds, and you may witness the first step in the formation of one of the commonest and most universal phases of the commercial envelope. Common and simple as it is, however, it is not to be despised, for the manufacture here going forward furnishes throughout the kingdom employment for thousands of industrious persons—almost of the lowest class, it is true, but who must yet be employed and fed—and supplies the materials of labour for other classes besides. Half-buried in the ground, and littered with dust-coal and shavings, lies a small rotatory steam-engine, which spits, and sputters, and fumes as though it were as much as ever it could do to drive the odd-looking machine to which it supplies the vital energy. This machine, though

it does not look like it, is nothing more than a monster jack-plane, and the sole business of its iron life is to plane shavings of a definite thickness, graduated according to the purposes for which they are required, from beams of pine-wood varying in length from two or three to five or six feet, and in width from five or six to eighteen or twenty inches. The machine, in the hands of a couple of lads, throws off the shavings much faster than the steam-saw would cut them, and turns out one-third more in quantity of the scabbards or shavings, because it wastes no part of the timber in saw-dust. Now, it is from scabbards thus produced that all that various species of the commercial envelope which embraces band-boxes, hat-boxes, toy-boxes, wafer-boxes, lozenge-boxes, and no end of boxes besides, have to be manufactured. A most monstrous proportion of this kind of material goes to the hat-boxes, because every man or boy who buys a hat, though it cost him but a crown, gets it sent home in a box, free of additional charge. The making of these boxes is the work of women and children; it is paid at a rate which would appear ridiculous if it were set down, yet the employment is eagerly accepted, and frequently falls into the hands of labourers' wives and families desirous of adding to the weekly income. A thicker scabbard than that of the hat-box supplies the place of mill-board in the bonnet-box of the servant-maid, which one sees, adorned with a thunder-cloud pattern, perambulating the streets of London to the tune of 'Buy a bau-au-auks—buy a bonnet-baux,' in prodigious clusters of a score each on the shoulders of the hawkers. The best and soundest scabbards are selected for those boxes used by toymen, stationers, and others, which, without either lining or covering, have yet to be made compact, and, to a certain extent, durable. For the smaller boxes, round or oval, destined to carry the pills of the quack-doctor, or the miraculous cough-lozenges at two-and-nine, or the 'delectables' of the druggist, a sound, thin scabbard is chosen, struck from willow-wood of a fine fibre. The making of this latter kind of boxes is a regular trade, has to be learned thoroughly, and necessitates, moreover, the use of some very ingenious implements which we need not here describe. One seat of this trade is Norwich, Macclesfield is another, and others are scattered about in various counties. Boxes of scabbard, even of a size less than an inch in diameter, are made at a profit, though they are sold at a shilling a gross. A superior box adapted to the same uses, but produced at greater cost, is made by the turner, who also selects the wood of the willow-branch, for the closeness of its fibre and its easy softness in the lathe.

It is the paper-maker, however, who is the great source of the commercial envelope. This is apparent in almost every shop-window. The dress-boxes, cap-boxes, flower-boxes, pattern-boxes, lace-boxes, and all that legion of envelopes of every shape and size, devoted to feminine mysteries, are made of paper, or the material of paper in some of its numberless forms, such as card-board, mill-board, &c. There is no limit to articles of this description; they are infinite in variety, and the demand for them is ever on the increase. It is this demand, more than anything else, which has given rise to the numberless inventions and improvements which, during the last twenty years, have marked the manufacture of fancy papers of every hue, pattern, and texture. The most exquisite produce of the paper-mill will always be found in the hands of the paper-box makers—the finest and whitest sheet, either plain, or grained, or embossed, with the most elaborate designs, or spread with gorgeous arabesques and radiant with gold. The consumption of these costly materials by the box-makers is enormous, and it is astonishing,

considering the outlay they must incur for them, at what a low rate the boxes are supplied to the wholesale consumers. The cheapness can only be referred to the large numbers fabricated of the same pattern. If a calculation is made, it will be found that the price bears no apparently remunerative proportion to the labour, being often but a small percentage upon the cost of the material. This percentage would of course increase with the decrease in the size of the article; but the increase is not much, as may be seen from the following example. Before us lies a circular box, two inches in diameter, and two-thirds of an inch in depth—the cover fitting upon a central shaft, and ranging flush with the body of the box. It is made of the finest card-board, covered outside with a pattern of richest design in green, crimson, and gold, and is bound with four fillets of gold paper, each fillet overlapping one of the four circular edges of box and cover. The box is made to a perfection almost microscopic, and without a flaw, and is a master-piece of minute ingenious work, upon which a clever artisan might reasonably pride himself; yet the maker will supply these boxes at the charge, including material, of 4s. 9d. the gross, or less than a halfpenny each; and, what is more, he will pay his hands three shillings a day for their assistance in making them.

It is in the department of paper-boxes and envelopes of various kinds that the pictorial element comes into play. We have it on very good authority, that none of the late pleasing discoveries in chromotypography, chrome-lithography, and block-printing in colours, would have remunerated their inventors and professors, but for the use to which their products are applied by the makers of paper-boxes and ornamental wrappers of different kinds. The perfumer, the fancy-stationer, the lace-man, the glove-maker, are the real wholesale patrons of the above novel and beautiful arts, and not the public who admire their *chef-d'œuvre* in the shop-windows, but rarely purchase. It is not by the sale of his *chef-d'œuvre* that the chromatographer is paid, but by the sale of tens and hundreds of thousands of small coloured designs and vignettes, which are in demand to envelop the scents, the soaps, the cutlery, the conserves, the toilet-gear of the ladies, or the choice filigree stationery they use, or the presents they select for their juvenile friends. A chromo-typographist of long standing tells us that, for every picture of his production which sells as a picture, a hundred at least are nominally given away as part and parcel of the envelope to some kind of merchandise. This luxurious species of envelope originated many years ago in Paris, and it is there that the manufacture has been most sedulously cultivated. For years the finest specimens of lithography, produced from designs by the best artists, being first delicately coloured, were applied to the ornamentation of glove-boxes, lace-boxes, conserve and bonbon boxes; and a prodigious number of them were imported by our own manufacturers and tradesmen, and were to be seen plentifully displayed in the London shop-windows. The art of chromotypography, however, which first became a trade in London, interfered with the Parisian manufacture; it was far easier to print in colours from blocks by the typographic press, than to print lithographs and to colour them afterwards. The French box-makers at first imported the English coloured pictures, and attached them to their own wares. This did not last long. The French printers experimented for themselves, and soon produced chromotypes of their own fully equal to the English ones in execution, and superior in design. It is doubtful, however, if they excel us at present in this class of commercial envelope, although they can and do produce both chromotypes and chromoliths of great beauty, and sell those

of a large size at less than a fourth of the price demanded for them by the London publishers. Our traders and dealers in every species of luxurious trifle are now fully aware of the importance of the envelope as a medium of sale, and they leave no stone unturned in their efforts to render it attractive.

A rival of the paper-box maker is the worker in metal. The thinnest sheet or film of lead, or tin, or brass, or bronze, may be pressed into the form of a box and its cover, with an endless variety of pattern. Birmingham produces millions of these metal boxes, which serve as envelopes for more species of merchandise than we care to mention—from penny-worths of paste-blackling in tin, to gilt pens by the dozen or the gross, or wax vestas by the hundred or the thousand. Many of these are exceedingly handsome and well designed, and it is said that a novel idea in this direction often brings more to its originator, than the discovery of some new principle in machinery, or the invention of an engine that astonishes the whole scientific world.

The glass-blower is another important agent in the fabrication of commercial envelopes. The dealers in scents and odours know full well that it is the bottle, more than anything else, which recommends and sells the perfume; and they spend infinitely more time and trouble, and, it is whispered, capital too, in elaborating a new toilet-bottle, than they do in the composition of its contents. A delicious scent, the 'extract of a thousand flowers,' may be concocted from essence of lavender, a modicum of Eau de Cologne, and a *soufflé* of attar of roses, homeopathically diffused in an ocean of *aqua pura*—and may be varied *ad infinitum* by the least change in the ingredients; but the bottle which is to glitter on the toilet-table, demands all the genius of the artist and the skill of the craftsman. It is here the grand difficulty lies—to achieve a two-ounce bottle of classical design toned down to the modern standard of dressing-room elegance; that is a triumph accorded to few; he is a lucky man indeed who can accomplish it, and may reckon upon an influx of profit compared to which cent per cent. is mere zero. It is astonishing what an amount of ingenuity is expended in this business; he who would form a notion of it must make a study of the shop-windows and glass-cases of some of the first-class London perfumers, and note the perplexing variety of forms into which the yielding glass has been turned, and twisted, and moulded, and compressed, ere it was annealed and subjected to the cutting-wheel. More devices than were ever dreamed of by the old Venetians are successfully carried out by the modern glass-blowers; but, alas! against all their convulsive straining after elegance, comes in the necessity for the indispensable stopper, which cannot be got rid of, and generally defeats the best intentions.

The potter is in still greater request than the glass-blower among a certain class of dealers. Not to mention the various descriptions of jars and earthen bottles which he makes for trade purposes, there is a shallow pot and cover, varying in diameter from two inches, or less, to eight inches, or more, and formed of every species of ceramic compound, from plainest delf to finest porcelain, the demand for which is almost incredible at certain seasons. Some time ago, we saw them making in the potties by means of steam-machinery, which turned them out ready for the oven almost as fast as the beats of an average pendulum-clock; and even with this machine the maker found it difficult to keep pace with the orders continually coming in. They are in use for no end of purposes, and vary proportionably in price, according to their material and workmanship. Of those made of the plain white ware, a vast number become the deposits of pomatum, hair-paste, cold-cream, bears-grease, and

so on. A larger size, made of the same ware, but bearing on the cover copies of works of art transferred from copper-plates, neatly coloured, and then burned in the kiln, is used by hundreds of thousands to contain preserved and highly seasoned meats, anchovies, game, and other kinds of appetising relishes for the breakfast-table. And lastly, those of china or porcelain ware, moulded with greater care and sharpness, and delicately painted by hand with groups of flowers or small landscapes, are used either for costly confectionery by the pastry-cook, or for some still more costly toilet mystery concocted by the perfumer. These pots, including all the various sorts and sizes, are manufactured by millions, and seeing that they are not a very destructible article, for they are more than double the thickness of ordinary china-ware, the wonder is, what becomes of them all.

We shall notice but one other form of the commercial envelope, and that is, perhaps, of all, the most expensive. The morocco case, lined with silk velvet, is the envelope of the jeweller. The gold watch, the diamond ring, the bracelet, the gem, are presented to the buyer in a morocco case, which, however costly it may be in itself, forms a very trifling item in the bill. The manufacture of these is a trade of considerable importance, in which much capital is invested, and much skill employed. As a craft, it requires as much ingenuity as that of the bookbinder, and it is said to be better paid; but it is one liable to utter stagnation in seasons of commercial depression, and its artisans are often out of employ.

We have been obliged to pass over a great number of articles which would come under the designation of commercial envelopes, because the bare mention of the whole would exceed our limits. There are the paper-bags of the grocer, the baker, and the confec-tioner, which are literally manufactured daily by the ton-weight; there are the canvas-bags of the grain-factors and of the seedsmen, for holding samples; there are the barrels of the oyster-merchants—the hampers of the dry-store keepers—and fifty things besides which would go to swell the catalogue.

Now, all these things, from the coarsest to the costliest, are nominally given away: no charge is ever made for them to the retail customer. Their production must keep some tens of thousands of persons in constant employment, and yet the produce is practically next to nothing, because the articles are comparatively of little use. The plainest envelope would answer all the purposes of the most luxurious and ornamental one, with a single exception—it *would not sell* the article. That is the key to the whole business, and it suggests one consideration worth remarking; namely, that the outside aspect of certain goods, in the popular estimate, weighs more than the goods themselves—the decorated packing-case surpasses its contents—the shell excels the kernel. We commend this consideration to the customer.

#### A PURSUIT OF SCIENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EARLY in the year 1847, Gaetano Osculati, a native of Milan, and a member of the Geographical Society of Paris, left Panama with the intention of exploring the remoter regions of that republic. His journey from Quito to Archidona and to the river Napo was singularly adventurous, and his individual courage equally remarkable.

Osculati left Quito upon the 7th of June 1847. He had intrusted part of his baggage to a troop of Indians bound for the river Napo, but who declined to defer their departure even for two days, fearing a then prevailing disease at Quito, fatal to their race.

The traveller held a government order for baggage-bearers (*cargueros*) at Tombachó. On his arrival at

that place, he found the inhabitants were celebrating the festival of the Corpus Christi; and as no one would start until the termination of the solemnity, he was compelled to remain there for several days. This fête, as practised here, involves many strange rites. The population of the surrounding country crowd the village; the days pass in riot and drunkenness; the principal square is adorned with triumphal arches, decked with flowers and fruit; and in the midst are suspended living rabbits and kids. The animals, writhing in agony under the scorching sun, utter pitiful cries. They are brought by the native Indians as an offering; and they are left for the clergy, who carry them off in the evening. Bull-fights, masquerades, and fireworks, follow; and the festival concludes by a procession led by dancers tricked out in gaudy feathers.

Osculati lost all patience with this protracted mummery, and proceeded to Papelcata before the termination of the fête. This place lies upon the bank of a lake of the same name; and he hoped there to rejoin the Indians who had preceded him with his baggage, and to meet those whom the alcaldí of the village of Tombachó had promised to despatch to join him. The former had departed before his arrival—the latter had not arrived. Upon the 16th of June they appeared; the small caravan immediately set out for Archidona, travelling by a narrow path hardly discernible, where even a mule could not venture; and all the baggage was thus necessarily carried by men. Their laborious journey lay through clay and water up to the knees—through the briars and reeds of untrdden forests, over slippery mountain-paths, through dangerous fords. The allowance of food was scanty; and at night the only shelter was a wretched covering of branches and leaves, open to every shower, and to all the winds of heaven.

All this discomfort, however, would have been immaterial, could the traveller have trusted to the fidelity of his guides; he had, unfortunately, reason to believe that they were looking out for an opportunity to abandon him; and his anticipation was too well founded.

An ominous incident occurred as the traveller passed the marshy forest of Berro-Taca: whilst the band was entangled amidst the tall reeds which impeded their advance, he heard a sudden cry: ‘A dead man—a dead man!’ He hurried on, and discovered the dead body of an Indian lying with the face to the ground. He turned the body over, and recognised it as that of one of the *cargueros* who had preceded him. He had been seized with sudden illness by the way; his savage companions had abandoned him when he could proceed no further, and had hung his burden upon the branch of an adjoining tree. The sight of the body threw the Indians into a state of absolute terror, which they did not even endeavour to conceal. They were constantly calling to one another, kept close together when they could, and shuddered at every cry which they heard in the woods. At this moment, they pitilessly resolved upon the destruction of their employer. Osculati, in dread of such a fate, walked always in the rear with a double-barrelled gun, and a brace of pistols, ready for the first man who should attempt to fly.

The first symptoms of insubordination appeared at Baeza, a city in ancient times, but now a mere solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor family, who maintain themselves by disposing of food and other articles to the Indians passing by that route. When, after a day's rest, it was necessary to leave this place, a thousand pretexts were urged by the Indians for discontinuing the journey. Osculati was inflexible. The leader declared that he would not travel upon a fête-day, and that the white man would certainly meet with some misfortune if he persisted in doing so. The white man's

reply was a threat of personal chastisement unless he was instantly obeyed. The Indians doggedly lifted the baggage, and proceeded for a few hundred yards, when one of them fell, uttering loud cries. It was impossible to force him to stand, and he was left behind.

The Rio Vermejo was passed without difficulty. This river is so called from the purity and beautiful colour of its waters. Osculati here shot a large black bear, and distributed the flesh among his attendants. They were apparently more cheerful; and under more favourable auspices, the party encamped upon the banks of the Cosanga. The river was so swollen by the rains and melting snow, that it was impossible to ford it at the usual spot, and a long and laborious circuit was made, in hopes of discovering some other ford which might admit of their passage. In this fruitless search, two or three harassing days were spent, and now the Indians openly discovered their designs. On one night, the half of the smoked bear, which had been reserved as provision for the journey, was stolen. On another, Osculati observed, to his astonishment, that his cabin had been constructed with unusual care; indeed, its partitions were so fastened up that he could not see through them. He knew the motive of this excessive attention. He asked the leader for an explanation. 'That the master may sleep better,' was the ready reply. Osculati tore down the partition, and flung it out of the cabin.

Upon the 24th of June, the river had considerably fallen, and our traveller proceeded with the leader and another Indian to look out for a ford. He had not traversed the bank for a few yards, when he perceived that the leader had disappeared. The other Indian could not accompany him, as Osculati had kept him close to his side. He instantly returned to his cabin, where he found that the whole band had made off, with his provision and the greater part of his clothes. The one Indian who remained seemed moved by his critical situation, and offered any assistance. Osculati resolved to despatch him to the governor of Archidona with a letter imploring aid. The Indian undertook the mission, and pledged himself to return in six or seven days; he asked payment in advance, and permission to defer his departure till the next morning, as he was afraid of wild beasts during the night. Osculati yielded both points. That night, however, the vagabond fled, and rejoined his companions, who were obviously waiting for him at some distance.

Our traveller is now alone, in the midst of a desert, ignorant of his course, in the twofold imminent peril of being destroyed during the night by wild beasts, or assassinated by the Indians, and with the horror of famine appallingly before him. He thus tells his own story :

'On my return to the cabin, not observing the Indian, I called out several times, calling him by his name as loudly as I could. It was in vain. I was alone—absolutely alone: he, too, had forsaken me, carrying with him the net which held the remnant of my provisions, and was far off in the woods in the direction of Baeza!

'I composed myself, however, and submitting to my misfortune, I only thought of repairing my cabin, already half-destroyed by the wind. To this object I devoted the intervals of favourable weather. I strengthened it, as I best could, with poles and cords. I then constructed around it a barricade of reeds, of branches, and thorns, that I might not be surprised during my sleep, and might have time to stand on my defence, either against wild beasts or against the Indians, who might have been hidden in the woods, awaiting an opportunity to assassinate me. I then loaded my gun and pistols; I attached the point of a spear to a long bamboo, for use in case of need; and

after a wretched repast of biscuit and water, I lay down to sleep upon my baggage. About ten o'clock I rose, and going beyond the palisade, inspected the adjoining ground, to discover if any one lay in concealment. I fired two shots in the direction of the wood, as well to drive away the bears and jaguars, as to intimate to the Indians who might be harbouring there that I was in a condition to defend myself. The darkness was profound: nothing could be seen beyond a hand-length; torrents of rain were falling. I eagerly longed for the return of light. At midnight, I again fired twice; and at six o'clock in the morning, as soon as the day dawned, I took a little coffee, which the Indians had fortunately left me, I suppose because they did not consider it palatable.' The traveller determined to remain in this miserable hovel for six or seven days, in the hope that some Indian might pass and assist him. He set apart, in very limited rations, the small store of biscuit that remained to him, that he might be assured of the means of subsistence during the period he had fixed. He then patiently waited the result. Will it be credited, that in such circumstances he had sufficient resolution to search for insects, and actually to collect some of very curious kinds!

'Upon the 27th,' he continues, 'it rained incessantly all day; the river was gradually rising; I could not kindle fire. The courage which had sustained me until this moment was giving way to despair. During the night, I was suddenly awakened by a sound which proceeded from the depths of the forest; it approached me nearer and nearer. In a few moments I perceived, at a short distance from my enclosure, a dark object advancing towards me. Although the night was very dark, I concluded that it must be a tapir, from the heavy tread and the strong breathing of an animal gifted with the sense of smell. My delight was unbounded; but the dread of losing the animal caused me such emotion that I was actually obliged to lean against the tree which supported the cabin before I could discharge my barrels. To my extreme satisfaction, the second shot brought him down. I was certain that I had killed him; but feeling my strength insufficient to drag him to the cabin, I returned to my narrow bed, happy in the thought that I had secured the means of subsistence for a long time. It was long ere I could sleep, agitated as I had been by a thousand emotions. My joy was of brief duration.

'On awakening next morning at five o'clock, I found that the river had suddenly risen. The waters had reached the cabin. I had just time to drag my boxes into the wood. The current had already carried away some articles which had been left outside the cabin; the tapir, too, had disappeared.'

'The rain continued to fall more heavily. The howling of the storm, and the noise of the waters as they broke upon the rocks, produced mournful and monotonous sound, increased by frequent volcanic discharges. It may be easily understood what a melancholy impression such a scene must have produced upon a man enfeebled by hunger and watching.'

Anticipating death, the traveller wrote his last wishes, and addressed a letter to the president of the republic. He attached the papers to a long pole, at the top of which he hung a handkerchief, like a flag. After ten days of sickening expectation, he recognised the necessity of proceeding in one direction or another. He ultimately resolved to endeavour to reach Archidona by swimming. He divided his remaining provision into two portions—the one to carry with him, the other to leave at the hut, that he might not risk his entire stock in this dangerous venture. He collected his most valuable articles, his watch, silver, and compass, and unhesitatingly

plunged into the Cosanga. The agitated waters cast him back; his strength was insufficient to grapple with them. In the attempt, he lost the half of his provisions and both his pistols. The only alternative now open to him was to return to Baeza, and this he accomplished after prodigious toil, on the most scanty food, and without assistance of any description whatever.

He proceeds: 'Three days after leaving Cosanga, having passed a night upon the sands, for I had not strength to erect a cabin, I had the utmost difficulty in getting upon my feet; their bleeding wounds prevented me from walking freely. The idea, however, that in one day I might reach Baeza, overmastered the pain, and I laboured on, summoning to my aid all the energy I yet possessed.'

'I had eaten my last biscuit the day before; two handfuls of roasted maize was all my remaining food. I traversed the woods and morasses with great difficulty, cutting a path through the impeding thickets. I was covered with mud; and was frequently compelled to crawl upon my hands and feet beneath the reeds which were stretching crosswise above me, lest I should lose myself. I had toiled on until four o'clock, without encountering any object which could lead me to think that I was approaching Baeza. My strength was absolutely prostrate. I feared that I might be unable to arrive within reach of assistance that night; I therefore only ate thirty grains of maize, and reserved the remainder for the following day. I sat down upon the trunk of a tree, and cursing my ill-fortune, thought of once more constructing a cabin, when I heard the distant crowing of a cock. Trembling lest I should be deceived, I stretched out my ears, and held in my breath. In a few moments, the sound again reached me. My shattered courage rises on the instant; I am alive again; and flinging myself on my knees, I cry out: "I am saved! God of mercy, I thank thee!"'

He had indeed reached Baeza, ghastly attenuated, helpless, but safe. He thence proceeded, or rather was carried to Archidona, where he was received and treated with the greatest consideration and kindness. After many other adventures, he reached his own country in safety, bringing with him information as to several animals hitherto unknown, and twenty-five new specimens of the insect tribes.

#### HOW TO WIN AT ÉCARTÉ.

The season was not quite over, but the weather was getting very hot, the small-talk very stale, and all the highest matrimonial prizes were drawn, and the lovers of white-bait began to find the bouquet of the Thames overpower that of their claret, when I began to feel a longing for purling streams, and loose coats, and al-fresco concerts, and colonnades, where you can sip ices and smoke cigars alternately, under the influence of a band good enough to listen to when you are inclined to talk; and being an idle man 'on town,' I made up my mind to go to Baden, and enjoy all these things. An idle man, did I say? Get an Italian over to London; take him to Tattersall's in the morning, and set him to work on the arithmetical process of making a book; hurry him home; make him dress himself up to the nth, and drive him off to a flower-show, where employ him for a couple of hours in strolling about and suppressing his yawns; rattle him back to town; cause him to re-dress himself, and take him to a dinner-party, where he has to drag conversation uphill; when he is beginning to feel at his ease, hurry him off to the Opera, and when nearly exhausted, transplant him to a drawing-room thirty feet by fifteen, into which some three hundred people are endeavouring to wedge their poor palpitating, perspiring persons; cause him to dance in the middle of

this mass, and then seat him for a quarter of an hour by the side of a young lady whose powers of conversation are limited, and who is anxiously looking out for some one who has not yet arrived. When you see that his powers of endurance have been taxed to the utmost, carry him to the club, and make him play at billiards. At breakfast on the following morning tell him that the day before was devoted to illness!

Well, though not understanding the *dolce far niente*, I was lazy according to my lights, and had no fixed occupation to bind me to one place more than another, so I wrote off to a German friend, who always summered at Baden, to secure me my accustomed lodgings, and walked down to the Salt-tax Office—my friend Foxey, who was a clerk there, having expressed a desire to accompany me, should the period of his annual holiday coincide with that of my journey. A sharp fellow was Foxey, who played a good hand at whist, could drive a hard bargain, was a good judge of a horse, and not a bad one of a man, but who, after the proverbial manner of very sharp people, occasionally 'cut himself'; for so firmly was he convinced that it was utterly impossible that any one should ever take him in, that he occasionally omitted to take those precautions against such an accident which would never have been forgotten by a man of less self-confidence.

On reaching Somerset House, I passed into an outer office which was deserted, but from an inner room issued a silvery tinkling which gave my patriotic soul a shudder. They were doubtless counting up the spoils torn from their burdened country; and, hark! a burst of laughter. The wretches were gloating over their prey. With an indignant hand, I opened the door, and saw—piles of silver and rouleaux of gold, and triumphant demons weighing it by the bushel? No; five shillings on a table, round which were grouped as many fashionably dressed young men, engaged in a highly interesting and intellectual game, which consists in putting down one shilling, and trying to cover it with another placed in the palm of the hand, and propelled by a sudden jerk of the fingers under the edge of the table.

'Pardon an idle man for breaking in upon your abstruse studies, gentlemen,' said I, 'but I have something of importance to speak about to my friend Foxey here.'

'Oh, don't apologise,' cried the Hon. Arthur Youngersun. 'We are worked awfully hard sometimes, but there happens to be nothing to do to-day.'

Somewhat I was always lucky enough to hit upon similar days for a visit to any friend in that department.

'Something important!' cried Foxey, turning pale; 'anything wrong with *Antelope*?'

'O no. As far as I know, *Antelope*'s lungs and legs are as sound and swift as those of the animal he is named after. I have only called to say that I am going to Baden this week. Can you get away?'

Foxey's face fell.

'Oh, bother!' said he; 'and here have I been taking no end of pains to persuade Spooner, who came into the office last winter, to take his holiday first. He did not like going away in the height of the season, but I made him believe that London was always decimated by cholera in July, and got wholesale some again in August, and—and, in short, he will not be back for another fortnight.'

So it was agreed that I should go on alone to Baden, and that Foxey should join me there; and I went home and packed what articles I could not possibly do without in a portmanteau; got various ambassadours to take a sight at my passport; made a circular-note arrangement with my banker—a round-about way of transacting money-matters, but convenient; read the paper from London to Folkestone; smoked

from Folkestone to Boulogne; slept from Boulogne to Paris, where I halted two days to see a new vaudeville, some fireworks, and a change of dynasty; talked violently with one of the ex-government from Paris to Strasbourg, where, the principal hotel being full, I had to—no, not sleep—lie awake and scratch at an *auberge*, where I got a wonderful bill in the morning. It was composed in French, but written in German character; the items were in francs, the total in thalers, and it was brought to me when the diligence was at the door. I deciphered it afterwards, and may mention as a sample, that having had a *petit verre* with my coffee, I was charged for a bottle of brandy.

The annoyance arising from this incident was soon forgotten, however, for that very morning I was 'on the Rhine,' and the memory of that day and the next is a pleasant vision of diorama, tobacco, and thin white wine—for the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Cam never lose their charm for me. Then came a little bit of railway, and I was at Baden.

A delightful place is Baden, all mountain, river, sunshine, wood, music, laughing, dancing, singing, feasting; the very Garden of Armida, the kingdom of Pleasure. Unavoidable business is carried on in a fancy-fair fashion; the shops are booths, and the damsels who serve them look so smiling and happy that you might easily imagine them to be young ladies at a bazaar playing at shopwomen, an idea their theory of charges, and the change they give, do not tend to dispel.

The principal charm of the place is, that it is so disreputable; one feels one's morals relax before one has been in it half an hour. Whether the hot springs, for which it is famous, well-up from the regions of naughtiness, or whether conscience is a contraband article, seized at the frontier, certain it is that what one turns nose and eyes up at in England, seems all right here. Sir William and Lady Squatoes, who are bitter enough on the subject of opening the Crystal Palace on Sundays, and who lock up all novels, newspapers, and children's toys on Saturday night at home, by no means make a Sabbath of the first day of the week at Baden. Mr and Mrs Jones are much shocked at the idea of betting-houses when in London, but they see no harm in a little quiet turn at the roulette-table here. And oh, Mr Starcher! if your wife, children, venerable butler, and friends in general could only see you smiling, chatting, nay, O Penates! *dancing* with that Mademoiselle Laretta! The fact is, things do not look wrong when they are done in the broad glare of day, and nobody seems ashamed of it, since ninety-nine human beings out of a hundred are moral chameleons, and take their colouring from those around them. Gambling? Pooh! gambling is something illegal, committed after midnight with closed doors, upon tables which sink through the floor when you touch a spring; and gamblers are individuals with haggard eyes, who amuse themselves by tearing their hair, and making use of much bad language; whereas these ladies and gentlemen are quite calm, and smiling, and polite, and evidently look upon those pieces of gold they are staking as so many counters. And for any little flirtations which may be going on, they are no doubt quite harmless. Pooh, pooh! this is fairy-land, and fairies are not to be judged by the same rigid code which is binding on men and women.

There were several young Englishmen staying at Baden: a captain in the Guards; an ex-hussar, who had lately sold out on coming into a property which he was now going out of as fast as he conveniently could; two or three barristers who did not practise, and a couple of billiard-players who did; with several others whom some of us would have cut most decidedly on the other side of the Channel, but with whom we were on terms of almost affectionate

friendship here. We hired a house, and formed a sort of club, for admission into which there was not even the pretence of a ballot, and which soon became cosmopolitan. First came an Austrian nobleman; then a Dutch officer, who was always dressed in full uniform; then a very rich Russian; and then, the ice being fairly broken, a crowd of foreigners tumbled in, French, German, Italian, some of them of doubtful reputation and hawkish appearance, but all of them delightful companions at table. 'Above all things,' as a lively little Parisian said, 'it is necessary to amuse one's self;' and I regret to say that was all he thought about. Of these suspicious gentlemen, the Chevalier Carvajal enjoyed the worst character, which was a pity, too, for he was an elegant and accomplished man of about fifty, whom you would never have suspected of a dishonourable thought had you been left to your own unbiased judgment.

Report said that he had been rich when a young man; had lost his fortune at the gaming-table, and now lived by the amusement which had ruined him. And certainly, though he never put himself prominently forward, he was always to be found where play was going on, ready to engage anybody at any game, for any stakes, and with invariable success, which was, to say the least of it, singular.

Our club was, I fear, rather a dissipated institution; we had four rooms—one for papers, another for billiards, a third for whist, and the large salon for lansquenet and faro, all of which were deserted and dull up to eleven o'clock at night, when the Cursaal closed, and the members strolled in to finish the evening, which was often endowed with such a protracted vitality that it was daylight before we could despatch it. We generally played at lansquenet, a game in which we fondly flattered ourselves our sharper brethren could get no unfair advantage over us; and yet the Chevalier Carvajal always had a run of luck when he got the deal, so that we acquired a habit of staking very sparingly when it came to his turn, a tacit method of calling him rogue, which had not the slightest effect on his equanimity: he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and as he could not get large profits out of us, contented himself with little ones.

But the chevalier's favourite game was *écarté*, though, after the first week, no one would engage him at it.

'Revenge! I rather imagine that would be like punching my own head for running up against a wall,' metaphysically remarked young Tomkins, the last *écarté* victim, paying his money, but by no means looking pleasant.

'As you please, monsieur. You should practise. I certainly play a little too well for you.'

'Play well! I don't see any good play in always turning up the king at the critical point of the game!'

I was the only English bystander, and in an agony lest there should be a quarrel and a duel, for the lad would be sure to fix upon me as his second, and I hate a disturbance of any kind, from a cross wife to a barrel-organ; but the chevalier smiled as if a compliment had been paid him.

Poor Tomkins was an undergraduate of nineteen, spending his long vacation at Baden, and I daily hoped he would use all his money, and have to go home; anything rather than pursue his studies in moral science in our society; but the Old Gentleman gave him a run of luck at roulette, so he stopped on, and learned daily how to fit himself better for the patronage. Poor Tomkins! he was a weak youth, with a wonderful reverence for men of fashion; and to see his gods—to know some of whom at home he would have given his ears—associating daily on terms of equality with blacklegs and swindlers, must have had a fine bracing effect on his moral constitution. I

have never heard of him since; I wonder if he is doing anything in the penal servitude line.

A fortnight soon slipped by, and Foxey arrived, full of health and spirits; indeed, it made me quite regret being an idle man to see how he enjoyed getting away from his accustomed desk. He went into ecstasies about everything—the beauty of the scenery and of the ladies, the cookery at the table d'hôte, the excellence of the wines and music, and the genial good-for-nothingness of our club; only he was particularly anxious to know who all the members were, having a foible for that sort of biography, which, in this instance, it was very difficult for me to gratify.

'Who is this Chevalier Carvajal? Not know? Why, I declare you know nobody. Cannot one find out? Is there no foreign *Burke*? There ought to be, just the same as a foreign *Bradshaw*.' Thus my friend attacked me on the third day after his arrival.

'Perhaps he would not be in it, if there was one,' I replied.

'Eh, what!' Foxey cried. 'He must be a somebody, you know, or why should they call him chevalier?'

'I really do not know; perhaps he is *chevalier d'industrie*. You certainly had better not play with him at cards.'

'What is that respectable old gentleman?—'

'Always wins—perhaps fairly, still no one likes to encounter him.'

'Ah! I must try my strength with him: he will have a tough job to take me in. But how comes he, with such a character, to be a member of the club?'

'Every man is a gentleman here who has pretty good-manners and pays his way; besides, there is no proof against the chevalier—he is a great deal too clever to let himself be found out.'

'Humph! we shall see.'

From this time forward it was evident that Foxey's maggot was biting him, and that he was determined either to win a victory from this lucky gamester, or, by exposing his tricks, to drive him from the field. Every one, you see, has his or her little ambition, and Foxey's was to be esteemed an acuter fellow than any of his contemporaries: Talleyrand's ambition on a small scale, in fact. So he was continually inviting the chevalier to play at different games with him for small stakes, and—as it was not worth that individual's while to shew his game for a franc—with occasional success.

'Ah, you see, he dare not try any tricks on with me,' my friend would then remark; 'he feels my eye upon him.'

One night, after a ball at the Cursaal, we had a very full meeting at the club, as was usual on gala evenings, no one feeling inclined to go home, to lie away in bed with the lively tones of the dance-music still throbbing in his ear, and the bright lights (eyes included) yet glittering in his brain.

We were standing round the lansquenet table, lighting cigars, settling chairs, and otherwise preparing for the game, when Foxey turned to the chevalier, who was rolling up a cigarette, and said:

'Monsieur Carvajal, I have a match to propose to you.'

'Anything monsieur pleases,' replied the Frenchman.

'What do you say to five games at écarté for five hundred francs?'

There was one broad grin on everybody's face; and mutterings relative to the rapidity with which the separation of the unwise and their money may be effected were heard from certain members.

'Anything to pass the time,' replied the chevalier, lighting his cigarette.

'And let it be agreed that it shall be fair for either of us to—to take any little advantage he can in the way of shuffling the cards—peculiarly, or—or to do anything of that sort.'

The captain in the Guards coughed; the rich Russian took snuff; the Dutch officer pulled out his moustache, which was of an elastic nature, to a surprising length. The chevalier merely elevated his eyebrows, and with a charming smile replied:

'Monsieur wishes to trick; but as I cannot trick, will it be just?'

'O yes; I had not finished my proposition. It shall be fair to cheat if we can without being seen: but if either party can detect the other, he shall win the game.'

'Anything to give monsieur pleasure.' And the pair retreated into the whist-room, whither many of us followed them, curious to see this eccentric match played out.

It was an amusing thing to see Foxey, while his opponent was shuffling the cards, leaning over the table, his twinkling green eyes eagerly fixed on the chevalier's hands, and his mouth wide open, as if he had a reserve eye somewhere in his throat, and was employing that too on the detective service. Every now and then, he would cry: 'Ah!' or, 'What's that?' or, 'Shake your sleeve, please;' and Monsieur Carvajal smiling all the while like a seraph, and replying: 'Pardon me;' 'You see?' 'All right!' would afford him every possible aid in his scrutiny.

The first game was won by Foxey, the next two by the chevalier, Foxey holding the best cards all the time, and yet losing with remarkable rapidity; and so on to the end of the match; the Frenchman getting three games out of five, with inferior cards throughout.

'I cannot understand it,' said Foxey, who controlled his vexation in a very creditable manner. 'Come, now it is over, tell us how you did it, Monsieur Carvajal.'

'My faith!' said the chevalier, 'it was very simple. I did not trick at all with the pack we were playing with; but Monsieur Foxey was so intent upon watching my hand, my sleeve, my lap, that he did not notice how I every now and then marked myself an extra point, by a slight touch of the two cards with which I was counting my game.'

Foxey left next day without bidding me adieu, and spent the rest of his holiday in slipping about the glaciers of Switzerland, which did him a great deal more good than the lounging gambling life we were leading at Baden would have done. But though it is now many years since we have both renounced the follies of our youth, I can always silence my friend when the old habit of bragging breaks out in him, by turning to his wife and saying: 'By the by, did you ever hear how Foxey played at écarté with the Chevalier?'

#### THE MONTH:

##### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Now that the holidays are over, and savans and sociologists have come back from beyond the Grampians and elsewhere, there are brisk signs of work discernible, and a fair instalment of work is already actually accomplished. The lecturing branch of the diffusion of knowledge seems likely to flourish more vigorously than ever, if we may judge from the programmes put forth by the School of Mines, by scientific institutions, and popular demonstrators. There is no lack of interesting matter to talk about, especially in geology, chemistry, and agriculture. A recent visitor to Spitzbergen shews reason for believing that that island is in course of elevation at a rate far exceeding the upheavals in Sweden; a large and remarkable landslip has just occurred in the Isle of Sheppey; chemists are about to demonstrate the most economical way, so to speak, of manufacturing beef and mutton; and a process by which a crop of Italian ryegrass can be mown every four weeks from spring to

autumn, has been made public by a competent authority.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have presented a paper to the Royal Agricultural Society which deserves notice for the experimental results and economical advantages therein exhibited. It gives details on the best methods of preserving, and rendering timber non-inflammable, and shews to what profitable uses old and decayed sleepers may be put. It is clearly demonstrated that the refuse sleepers, if properly treated in gas-retorts, will yield a liberal supply of gas free from sulphur, besides a considerable quantity of tar, pyroligneous acid, and 'dead oil.' These last three ingredients, properly mixed together, constitute an excellent coating for the preservation of posts, rails, and fences, and for sheds and other buildings now imperfectly protected by paint. The yield of acid alone is from four to five gallons per hundredweight of timber; and if the sleepers have been previously creosoted, nearly the whole of the products are recovered by the process of dry distillation which they undergo. Thus the old wood may be made the means of preserving new wood, and of illumination, besides yielding a sufficient remainder of marketable charcoal.

The Agricultural Society are earnestly working out the question as to the employment of steam-power in the cultivation of land, and further experiments and results are to be shewn at their meeting next year at Canterbury. Meanwhile, Mr Eddy argues that we may learn something as well for home tillage as for trade with the colonies, from the Americans. The Cape of Good Hope and Australia are good customers to Brother Jonathan for his agricultural implements; and Jonathan, by making the stihs of his ploughs removable, packs a plough in half the compass that we do ours, exports them at half the cost, and cuts us out of our own markets.

Professor Wheatstone, Mr Robert Stephenson, and Captain Galton, the commission appointed to investigate the subject of submarine telegraph cables, and determine on their best form and substance, are quietly pursuing their task, and this will be no light one, for whatever seems essential thereto is to be discussed and tested. Experiments will be made under tremendous pressure to represent the pressure at depths of from three to five miles under the ocean; and by the time the task is concluded, we may hope that the best form and thickness of conducting-wire, and a satisfactory comparison between india-rubber and gutta-percha as insulators will be established. Then our projected line from Falmouth to Gibraltar and Malta may be laid down with a reasonable prospect of permanence.

It is among the subjects talked of that an American has obtained the privilege from the Danish government of laying an under-sea cable from Greenland to Iceland, the Farœs, and so to the mainland of Europe; as the most feasible way of establishing a telegraphic communication between the two sides of the Atlantic. The length required by the route above named would nowhere be more than about 500 miles, which it is thought may be easily laid and maintained in working order.

Another project is mooted for extending the present Indian telegraph to Singapore; thence to Java, where a line of considerable extent has been constructed by the Dutch; thence to Timor; thence to Port Essington, in Northern Australia, and on to Moreton Bay. The distance from Java to the Bay is about 3000 miles. Were this carried out, and our Mediterranean line completed, London might then flash a message direct to Sydney!

One of the iron floating-batteries built during the Russian war has lately been towed from Sheerness to Shobbury Ness, to serve as a target for artillery. Fresh

experiments are to be made with Armstrong's guns; and we hear that a firm at Wolverhampton are manufacturing shield-plates of steel for government; from all of which it would appear that the question between metal and wood for defensive purposes is not yet settled.

Mr Gore of Birmingham having made a ball revolve round a plate by electricity, as we noticed some time ago, has lately produced the same effect by the sole action of heat—converting heat, as it were, directly into motion. He makes a small circular railway—the rails wedge-formed, with the sharp edge uppermost; and on this, after it has been heated to a high temperature, he places a very light hollow ball of German silver about four inches diameter. The ball has scarcely touched the rails, before it begins to run either to the right or the left—mostly the latter—and makes seven or eight revolutions in a minute. It is only by extreme nicety that the experiment can be made with any hope of success; but when successful, it appears as a very remarkable instance of the phenomena of heat. The explanation of the motion is, that as soon as the ball touches the rails, being cold, it throws up two slight protuberances; two slight depressions take place in the rails, into which the ball is pushed by the protuberances, as by a lever; and as the same effect is immediately reproduced, the motion becomes continuous as long as the difference of temperature is maintained.

We find among noticeable geological facts, that large deposits of lead and copper have been discovered in Newfoundland; that a seam of coal has been met with in the chalk formations near Dover; and that some geologists find in water-glass or soluble silica, an explanation as to the origin of certain siliceous incrustations, and of flint in some conditions, which have long been a puzzle. According to Sir Roderick Murchison's statement made before the British Association, the Silurian rocks are no longer to be regarded as the oldest fossiliferous in Britain; for the limestone of the most north-westerly Highlands is now ascertained to be of an age yet more remote.—Sir Charles Lyell has visited France for the purpose of seeing with his own eyes the gravel-beds containing the flint implements concerning which there has been, and still is, a good deal of scientific discussion. Although certain antiquaries incline to consider the implements as natural, and not artificial, the majority of opinion is on the opposite side; and the summing-up favours the argument which assigns these relics to the period of mammoths and other animals now extinct. In Professor H. G. Bronn's prize-essay, accepted by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, there is a passage which we quote as meeting the case in its present form. Discussing the Laws of Evolution of the Organic World, he says:

'All the cases cited are of such a nature, that a person destitute of any preconceived opinion would adopt without hesitation the notion of the simultaneous existence of human bones and remains of fossil animals in the same strata. Nevertheless, any one who chooses to submit them to the most severe criticism may still leave the door open for certain doubts.'—As regards practical geology, there is a mining department incorporated with the Bristol Diocesan School, and with a school at Wigan; and a mining college is about to be established in Durham.

Mr Bridge by contriving a series of apertures in cardboard, and taking a photograph thereof, reduced to a small scale, is enabled to elucidate certain phenomena of the diffraction of light. The result is singularly interesting, for it is exhibited in combinations of rings and colours, which, looked at with a telescope, present, as Mr Bridge describes, 'an appearance in many cases suggestive of designs which, both by the symmetry of their forms and the beautiful

arrangement of colours, would perhaps surpass any produced by unaided ingenuity.'—Photography is still in use for the daily record of magnetic changes at Greenwich Observatory, and at Kew, for taking impressions of the spots on the sun. The observers at Paris state the nature of the spots of late to have been such that they have been able to note the movements of the photosphere within, better than on any former occasion. Father Secchi, at Rome, shews reason for believing the spots to be gaps in the photosphere, and not clouds, as commonly supposed; and he explains that by watching the gap or cavity as it first comes in sight, a shadow may be seen which demonstrates its hollowness. 'If this is so,' he continues, 'it will then be in our power to ascertain the depth of these cavities, and thus to measure the thickness of the sun's photosphere. A truly marvellous thing that the human eye, which in its natural state cannot direct itself on that luminary, should be able at length to provide itself with instruments adapted to measure the depth of that ocean of flame that surrounds it.'—Sir John Herschel says that the earth by its nearness to the sun in January, as compared with July, receives the sun's heat with an intensity one-fifteenth greater than in the latter month; in which fact we have one of the causes of the frightful summer heat in Australia.—Meteorologists have been put on the alert by the unusual frequency of auroral phenomena, and their apparent influence on the weather. It is one of the traditions of the weather-wise that such an influence prevails, and they point to the fact that the fine summer weather was broken up by the aurora of August 29—a splendid spectacle, as many will remember. It was seen as far south as Rome, where Father Secchi observed extraordinary disturbances of the magnetic instruments during the appearance. It was seen also in the United States, and there a change of weather was noticed similar to that which took place here.

Sir Henry Rawlinson and the Royal Asiatic Society, co-operating in a good work, have published seventy printed sheets of *fac-similes* of Assyrian inscriptions in the British Museum, of which students and scholars interested in the subject will no doubt avail themselves. Some of these inscriptions are from bricks dating as far back as 2000 B.C. Among the works mentioned in the Society's report as progressing, we notice *Annals of Sennacherib*; of Tiglath Pileser; some historical tablets of Sardanapalus; short legends of the *Pul of Scripture*; the cylinder of Esar Haddon; and Nebuchadnezzar's inscriptions, all of which are to be printed. Such a list betokens no unworthy activity among the members of the Society, learned in the living and dead languages of the east. Sir H. Rawlinson has prepared a transliteration of some of these inscriptions into Roman characters, and an interlinear translation of the sense into English, and will publish them at his own cost; and although some delay is incurred by his departure as ambassador to Persia, he gives us reason to hope that it will not be for long, and that meanwhile he shall be able to enrich our literature with yet more of eastern archaeology. Bearing in mind what has already been accomplished by these investigations, and the discovery of the real significance of the Hebrew vowel-points by Dr Wall of the Royal Irish Academy, we look forward with lively expectations to the new researches which the publication of the above-mentioned documents will assuredly initiate.—Besides all this, the Society have received a series of copper-plates bearing Himyaric inscriptions, which were obtained in Southern Arabia, and forwarded from Aden by Brigadier Coghlan. A transcript and translation of the series is to be published; their date is believed to be of a time anterior to Mohammed.

News has come from the north and the south in which all who can read will take interest. Dr Livingstone, writing last June to Sir George Grey at the Cape, reports himself so far successful in his enterprise. He had travelled up a river—the Shire—to a lake hitherto undiscovered, named Shirwa, which is perhaps sixty miles long, and half as much broad; and is said to lie not more than five or six miles from Nyonyesi, the lake visited by Captain Speke. The doctor finds the natives industrious and well disposed, and a vast region where cotton and sugar may be grown in amazing quantities. One result of these explorations is to settle the question as to the Mountains of the Moon, of which vague rumours have been current from the earliest times. There are no such mountains; the interior of Africa is a plateau dotted with lakes, and furrowed by rivers; and the mountains are as unreal as the range which Sir John Ross once saw stretching across Lancaster Sound. The doctor intends to revisit Shirwa, and will doubtless journey on to the neighbouring lake; which, by the way, is written Nyanza in Captain Speke's report, and is considered by him to be the source of the White Nile.

The news from the North solves the great arctic mystery at last, and leaves no room to doubt the fitness of erecting the monument to Sir John Franklin and his companions at Greenwich Hospital. There is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that the gallant chief died ere the blight had fallen on the expedition; that for him there was a timely removal from the evil to come. The story of the adventures of the ill-fated crews, so far as it can be gathered, will have been read with eager interest. It seems probable that not one survived the third winter. Lady Franklin was fortunate in her choice of an explorer, and Captain M'Clintock has well justified her selection. Besides the relics of the long-lost mariners, he has brought home complete series of magnetic and meteorological observations; of the polariscope, of the temperature of the land and water at different depths; he crossed the magnetic pole, finding the dip vertical, during one of his journeys, and has added eight hundred miles to our knowledge of the coast-line in that inhospitable part of the world.

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Of him the eldest born of human kind,  
Inheritor of all their wealth of wit,  
And love, and wisdom—where his Gloster, blind,  
Old, unjust, sick of life's sad round,  
Came purposeful to end it, beggar-led,  
And that gray King did meet him, flower-crowned  
(But not one poppy)—now can never be said:  
But while this massy precipice abides,  
Shakspeare, to thee a monument sublime  
Defiant stands of the remorseless tides,  
As thy great Self, of ever-envious Time:  
Ay, though the depths o'erwhelm it, shall not here  
The everlasting billows thunder Lear?

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